

Alas! that so sudden and sad should be his end, but fitting that the close of life should be in the capital of the State he loved so well, where he was born, and near the familiar scenes of his boyhood, the first conflicts of his manhood, and the triumphs of his mature years.

Still clad in the panoply of his mighty mind, he has passed from among men, and now rests from the fierce conflict of his busy life. The Temples of Justice of the land will no more resound to the full tones of his impassioned soul.

He has been admitted to the Bar above, where the Great Judge presides, and it remains for us to pay our homage and respect to the venerated memory he has left behind.

At the conclusion of the remarks by Mr. Stevens, Mr. Steiner arose and said:

*Mr. President:*—I deem it a privilege to support the Resolutions now presented. No Marylander can hear of the decease of the illustrious citizen, whose memory they attempt to honor, without feeling a thrill of sadness pass through his frame at the thought that her great jurist, statesman and diplomatist has been gathered to his fathers. Death is always associated with sadness, and sorrow to the living.—That which was animated with “the roundness and glow of life,” which was the object of affection and veneration to family and friends, which enkindled love and admiration in the social circle, and respect and veneration in public life, which moved listening crowds with the magic eloquence of well chosen words, and the force of a ponderous logic, which won multitudinous honors in the forum, the Senate, and in the mysterious mazes of cunning diplomacy, that has been suddenly extinguished in this case, leaving a dull aching void, which thousands look upon with tearful eyes.—Death closed a career of wonderful success, and constant and almost unvarying triumph, while the mental faculties were undimmed by the flight of years, and the wasting effects of time. There was something indescribably grand in the resolute firmness, with which the veteran lawyer continued to tread the laborious paths of an exacting profession, after the eye had ceased to furnish the aid to research and study that would seem almost indispensable. But while the bodily eye refused to lend its aid any longer in laborious research, the mental eye remained undimmed in lustre, and the massive intellect unshorn of those qualities that gave it the mastery of every subject it grasped. And thus like a sheaf of wheat filled with tully ripe grain ready for the garner, was the deceased taken from the fields, where he had acquired his fame and enduring reputation.

What an example of what energy, and untiring assiduity can do in a professional life, is not furnished us by his career—